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[CHEAP REPOSITORY. Number 39.]

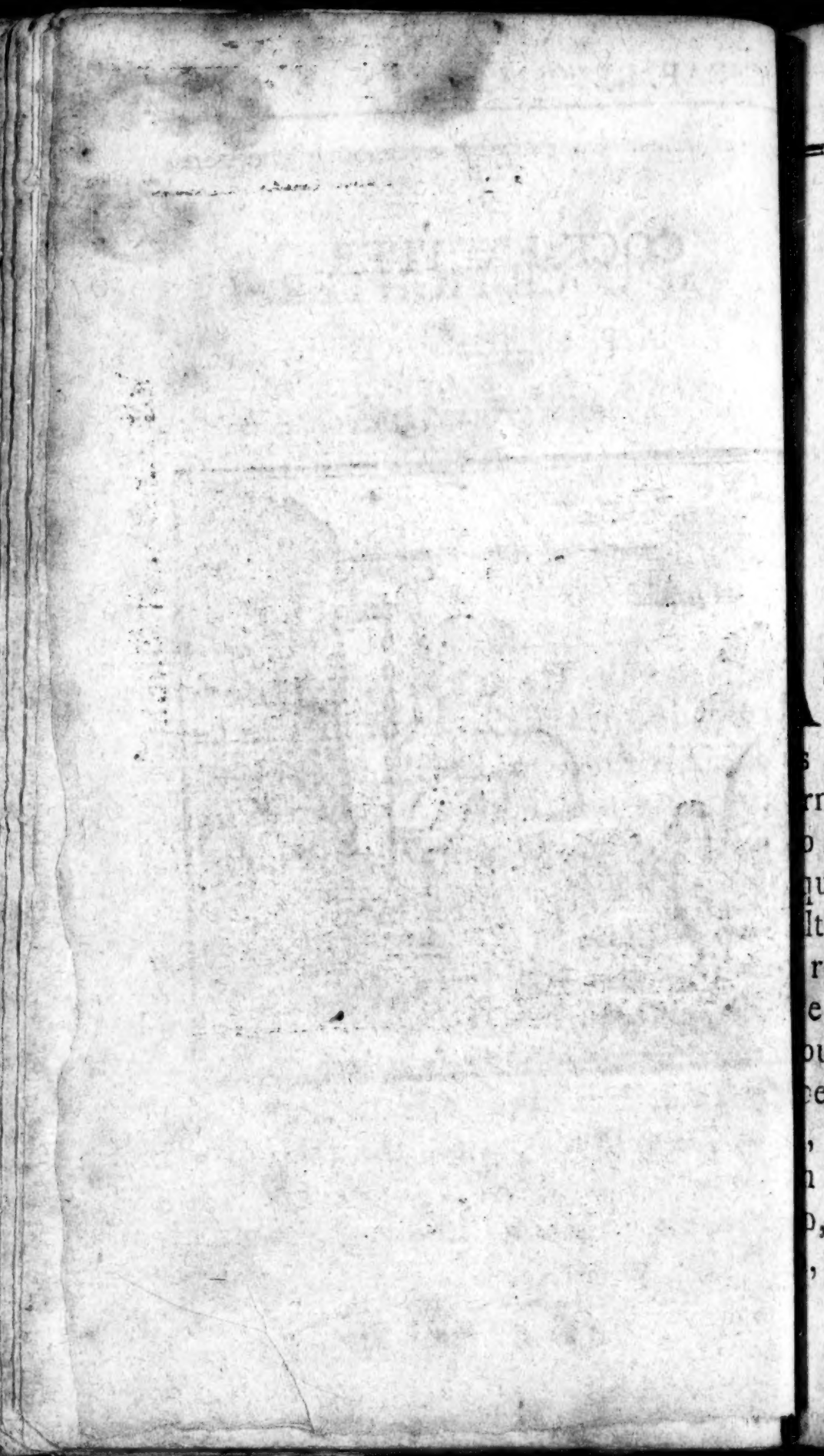
THE  
COCK-FIGHTER.  
A TRUE HISTORY.



PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY B. & J. JOHNSON, NO. 147,  
HIGH-STREET.

1800.



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## The COCK-FIGHTER.

A TRUE HISTORY.

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AS ROBERT HAZLEM, a very sober-minded religious Yorkshire collier, was on his way to Leeds one Sunday morning, he met with a brother collier, who formerly was a companion to him in idleness. Robert, after enquiring of his name, said, "Where are you going?" He replied, "To buy a cock, we are to have a match to-morrow;" this being a favourite diversion among the colliers. Robert said, "This is a bad errand any day, but much worse on the sabbath; I wish you would go with me to church." He, who had a kindness towards him, secretly inclined his heart to yield

to the solicitations of the good man prevailed upon him to accompany him. The clergyman's text was from Isaiah "In that day shall the branch of LORD be beautiful and glorious, and fruit of the earth shall be excellent and comely for them that are escaped of rael."

When the sermon was over, Robert said, "How do you find yourself?" replied, I do not know how I find myself but I feel I am one of the vilest sinners in the world." Robert said, "I generally bring a bit of bread and cheese in my pocket, and if you will stay, I shall have half of it for your dinner to which he did not want much pressing. In the afternoon the clergyman addressed himself to the worst of sinners, encouraging them *to repent, and believe in the Saviour of the world, &c.* The poor man wept bitterly, but said, "I had a little gleam of hope, that perhaps God might have mercy upon his soul. His friend, seeing him so deeply impressed, said, "If he had a mind, he would go with him again to a place of worship."



had heard the clergyman spoken of being a very fine preacher;" accordingly they went. His subject was on leper's being healed; when he appeared still more affected. Afterwards, they went as far as their road lay together, about a mile, and then they parted.

Now this poor man passed the night, have not been able to learn; but he went to his work the next morning. His companions accosted him by saying, "Now where is the cock?" He said, "I fought three such battles yesterday; I never fought in my life: I have fought no cock, nor do I intend ever to fight any again." So some of them said, "There's bonny to do! what is become of your half guineas?" He answered, "I have freely forfeit mine;" and said, "Come, lads, let us go down into the pit." One remarked, "*Come lads!*" it was to be with a great oath, and now he only *Come lads!* I'll lay a wager he has been to hear some nonsensical comments." The pit steward said, "I'll give thee a guinea, if thou dost not

swear for a month ; but I'll bet a guinea thou wilt swear before the week is out. He was so much affected with what the said to him, and a view of his own weakness, that he kneeled down on the hill, and prayed earnestly, " That I might rather die then, than be left in blasphemy that holy name he had no such a reverence for, and which he knew, if left to himself, he should blaspheme before night." His request was granted, for he died instantly, as soon as he had finished his prayer !

Robert Hazlem got up the Monday following, and appeared as well as usual but died after an hour's indisposition.

The day before Robert's death, a collier, whose name was Bottomly, went it is said, to hear a funeral sermon which much affected his mind, and made him get up the three following mornings very early, to read his bible, &c. His wife, being surprized at it, said, " Why do you get up so soon for ?" He replied " I have a long journey to take, and but little time to do it in ;" which real

proved true—for the third morning, he, with seventeen other men, went to their work in a foul mine, where they presently perceived the fire damp; fifteen of them were drawn up alive, and this poor man, with the remaining two, were burnt to death. Two of them that were drawn out, died soon after.

*The following Account of an affecting mournful Death, is related by Dr. YOUNG, Author of the famous Book called NIGHT THOUGHTS, who was present at the melancholy scene.*

**T**HE sad evening before the death of that young gentleman whose late hours occasioned these thoughts, I was with him. No one was there but his physician, and an intimate whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said, "You and the physician are come *too late*; I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles; you would raise the dead." "Heaven," I said, "was merciful." "Yes," cried he, "or I could not have been thus guilty. What has not God done to save and bless me? I have been too strong for Omnipotence; I have plucked down ruin." I said, "The blessed Redeemer." — "Hold, hold," said he, "you wound me! that is the rock on which I split! I denied his name, I forgot my Redeemer!"

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or to take any thing from the physician



lay silent, as far as sudden darts of  
 n would permit, till the clock struck;  
 n with vehemence he cried, "Oh  
 ne, time! it is fit thou shouldest thus  
 ke thy murderer to the heart. How  
 thou fled for ever! A month!—Oh!  
 one single week! I ask not for years:  
 ough an age were too little for the  
 uch I have to do!"

On my saying, 'We could not do too  
 uch, that heaven was a blessed place,'  
 exclaimed, "So much the worse!  
 s lost, 'tis lost; heaven is lost to me!—  
 e severest part of hell." Soon after I  
 oposed prayer. "Pray you that can."  
 d he, "I never prayed, I cannot  
 ay; nor need I. Is not heaven on  
 y side already? It closes with my con-  
 ence; it's severest strokes but second  
 y own." His friend being much  
 uched, even to tears, at this, who  
 ould forbear? I could not, with a most  
 ectionate look he said, "Keep those  
 ars for thyself. I have undone thee!  
 ost weep for me? That's cruel; what  
 n pain me more?"

Here his friend, too much affected would have left him. "No, stay; thou still may'st hope—therefore hear me. How madly have I talked! how madly hast thou listened and believed! but "look on my present state as a full answer to thee and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful reason, full mighty to suffer. And thou which thus triumphs within the jaws of immortality, is doubtless immortal. Yes, I feel nothing but the Almighty could inflict what I feel. Oh! let me speak on—I have not long to speak. O my much-injured friend, my soul as my body lies in ruins, in scattered fragments of broken thoughts. Remorse for the past, throws my thoughts on the future; worse dread for the future strikes it back on the past: I turn and turn, and can find no way. Didst thou feel ha the mountain that is on me, thou would'st struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flame—that is not an everlasting flame!—that is not an unquenchable fire!"

How were we struck! yet soon after still more! With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair he cried out, "My wickedness has ruined my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife; and is there another hell? Oh! I have blasphemed! yet, indulgent LORD God, hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown!" Soon after his understanding failed, his terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated or ever forgotten; and before the sun arose, this gay wicked young gentleman expired.

If this be a man of pleasure, what is a man of pleasure, what is a man of pain? How quick, how total is their change! in what a dismal gloom they set forever! How short, alas! the day of their rejoicing! For a moment they glitter, they dazzle: in a moment where are they? Lost in endless misery, and hopeless everlasting despair.



THE

## GOOD MOTHER'S

LEGACY.

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**F**ARMER ADAMS, at his death, left a wife, and seven children: though his worldly property was but slender for the maintenance of such a family, yet Mrs. Adams was quite a treasure in herself; her life was a daily lesson of instruction. To an extraordinary degree of piety she joined the most unwearied industry; and her religion made her so chearful and good-humoured, that the whole parish sought her acquaintance, and they never left her but they said, she had made them better and happier.

As she lived within a few miles of a considerable town, she twice a week carried her goods to market, yet never once



elied her conscience by asking one price, and then taking another: so that the gentlefolks who were her customers, seeing she never broke her word with them, always took her butter and cheese at her own price: by this dispatch in business she was often ready to quit the market before many a farmer's wife had sold a single griskin.

Her character for honesty was so well known through the market, that the officers, when they went their rounds to weigh the butter, never thought of putting a single pound of Mrs. Adams's into the scales, though they frequently seized baskets full belonging to other wowsen, which they sent off to the prisons for being under weight: it grieved her to the heart whenever this happened, for it would set her a thinking how these very people at the Day of Judgment might be weighed in the balance and found wanting," for having violated our Saviours Golden Rules, of not doing unto others, as they would be done unto, for a false balance is an abomination to the Lord."

Whenever the Butter was taken away in this manner, the other people who saw it would shout, and laugh, and hiss the poor wretches who had been detected; whilst Mrs. Adams was inwardly grieved at it, and would mildly rebuke them amidst their riotous mirth, and say they ought to pity the disgrace of a neighbour, not rejoice over it, and then she would kindly exhort the culprits to do so no more, and would pray to God for them, that a spirit of piety might be given them, for she would say, if there were no religion in the heart, you could never expect to find strict honesty in the dealings: and moreover, that we have all our faults, and therefore we must learn to live in love and charity with our neighbours, and forgive one another as we ourselves hope to be forgiven.

It was the custom of Mrs. Adams whenever the seized butter was carried to the prisoners, always to send six-pence to them by the officers; it was the widow's mite. She had a large family, but if every body in time of need added a trifle to the prisoners' wants, much kindness, she would say, might be done then.

ough to be sure, she would add, if there were no laziness there would be no want; and if there were no drunkennels or theft in good Old England, there need be no prisons.

Mrs. Adams never went to drink a dram when her marketting was over, as was but too customary, but she hastened home immediately to attend the business of her farm; and when that was done, she had sometimes an hour's leisure in the evening, to instruct her servants and children: whilst they were sitting round the fire at work, making and mending the family linen, her eldest son George would read a chapter in the Testament, after which she herself would read a bit of a sermon, such as the curate recommended, one that was more religious than learned, such as people could understand who had but little education; after which she read a good family prayer, and then they all went chearfully to bed, blessing and praising God for his mercies.

Mrs. Adams brought up her two eldest sons to the farming business: no part of their good mothers instructions was



lost upon them; they were sober, diligent, and dutiful; they never frequented a market or a fair but for the necessary purpose of buying and selling their cattle, and their business was no sooner over than they returned home to give their mother a faithful account of what they had done. Mrs. Adams's children were never present at any revelling or merry making in the parish; and as a reward for their dutiful behaviour, she often made some little entertainment for them at home, and gave them the liberty also of inviting some of their friends, for she would say, " I love to see young people cheerful and happy, but I tremble to have them dancing in ale-houses which takes away their modesty—or getting drunk, which turns them into brutes—or prophanely cursing or swearing, or the endangering their immortal souls."

Mrs. Adams's eldest daughter Mary being brought up under so good a mother, turned out exactly like her; for by being kept in her youth out of evil company she was preserved from falling into those temptations which prove the ruin of so many young women. Her dress was



diligent, modest, and suitable to her station ;  
 even as to ruffles and flounces, long tailed  
 effowns, and hair curled half way down  
 the back, she thought them very unbe-  
 coming a farmer's daughter, whose busi-  
 ness it was to carry a milk-pail, though  
 be sure, now-a-days it is a sight com-  
 monly seen : and she looked so neat at  
 church every Sunday, that it made all  
 the girls in the parish ashamed of their  
 sloppery. Molly Adams's good name,  
 soon produced her a good husband, who  
 owned an estate in free land of an hundred  
 pounds a year, and his father and mother  
 much approved the match, though  
 Molly had not a shilling ; for they were  
 prudent people, and said, it was better to  
 get a fortune *in* a wife, than a fortune  
*with* a wife—as for the young man he  
 took one who knew how to take care of  
 his main chance, and the sweetness of  
 her temper made him happy, whilst the  
 labours of her hands made him rich.  
 Mrs. Adams's two next daughters did  
 not take kindly to the dairy life ; Susan,  
 therefore, the eldest, went into a respect-  
 able family, and by her obliging behavi-  
 our soon acquired the love and confi-

dence of her master and mistress. They were people of excellent character, and by a regular practice of devotion being kept up in the family, the servants by degrees became sober, diligent, and faithful in whatever was intrusted to their care, and every Christmas their mistress made them a present, saying, she could afford to increase their wages, when she found they did not make it their daily habit to waste her substance.

Susan Adams now begun to thrive in the world, for she did not spend the profit of her labours in flaunty gowns, and caps, as many young servants do, but wisely left her money in her mistress's hands, and out of the first twenty pounds she saved, she very dutifully made her mother a present of ten, towards paying something for her bringing up.

In the course of some years few servants were so rich as Susan Adams, in the staid in the same place, whereas, the many, by their fickleness or bad conduct are changing place continually, and after having half their time nothing to do, they soon come to poverty and rags.

But Mrs. Adams was not equally haughty

They in all her children; she had her trials; and in her deepest distress she would often say, our faith in God can only be known by the patience and submission with which we support ourselves under the troubles; and if affliction had not been so useful to our souls good, our heavenly Father would have withheld them from us.

Her third daughter Betty had imprudently made an acquaintance with the servants of the gentleman and lady, who lived at the great white house on the hill. This whole family, from the highest to the lowest, lived as though there were no duties in this world, and no God in the next; as they were without principle in their hearts, their daily lives were a scene of extravagance and disorder, and there were more oaths sworn in the family in one day, than there were prayers offered in it in a twelvemonth; indeed, since the heads of this family lived very riotously, it could not be expected but the servants would do the same.

Betty Adams was a pretty genteel young woman, when she unfortunately got acquainted with Lady Townley's



waiting maid, a very dressy, flaunty body, who was ignorant of all good things which every Christian ought to know. Because forsooth she was better dressed than her country neighbours, she looked upon herself as altogether one of the best betters; and she was the more proud and saucy, because she was very ignorant; for real gentlefolks, who have good learning on their side, generally behave as mildly, and civilly to poor people, as if they were their equals.

This Mrs. Perkins, for so she was called, took a mighty fancy to Betty Adams and would sometimes *condescend*, as she called it, to walk over to the farm, less with a view, as it was whispered, to see Mrs. Adams, than to take a peep at her son; but the young farmer shunned her and wisely concluded, that such a tawdry minx of a wife would soon bring a young man to ruin.

Betty Adams naturally fond of fine clothes and smart company, took mighty ill to Mrs Perkins, who finding she had great power over Betty's mind, began by making her dissatisfied with a country life; and told her she was such a pretty



by the figure of a woman, that when she was  
 dressed genteely, she would look as much  
 like a gentlewoman as any body, and  
 was then concluded by saying, "no young  
 person was fit to be spoken to, who had  
 never been to London; besides, the ser-  
 vants in many families there had such  
 merry times on't, that they had often  
 more pleasure than their masters and  
 mistresses;" "for," said she, "we have  
 our card parties in the hall; sometimes a  
 dance, sometimes a concert, and you  
 have a very pretty voice, Betty," conti-  
 nued she, "and I'll answer for it, you  
 shall be vastly admired amongst us; be-  
 sides, our butler is half in love with you  
 already."

Betty was no stranger to this intelli-  
 gence, having often heard it from the  
 butler himself; this circumstance served  
 secretly to strengthen the arguments al-  
 ready made use of by Mrs. Perkins, and  
 she resolved to quit her mother, as a  
 place offered in Lady Townley's family,  
 who was now about to return to London  
 for the winter. Betty, like many other  
 young folks, never asked her mother's  
 advice, till it was too late to take it;

within a few days of her intended departure she told her mother what she had done, who, though grieved at heart, spoke kindly and gently to her as follows ;

“ My dear Betty, as you think you can mend your fortune by going to service, and as you are of an age to think and act for yourself, I have no right to control you ; yet it is my duty as a mother to advise you, and to warn you against falling into those temptations, which prove the ruin of thousands of heedless girls ; by first yielding to small sins, you will be led on to fall into greater ones, and for the indulgence of a worldly pleasure, you may endanger your immortal soul. Never look with an envious eye, my child, on the seeming prosperity of thy neighbour, but whatever be thy condition, learn to be satisfied with it *for a contented mind is a continual feast*. It is not always the favourites of heaven who abound the most in the good things of this world ; the best people we often see, are most chastised by affliction, for it is truly said, *God loveth those whom he chasteneth*. Be not discouraged, my love,

if thou art often rebuked for well-doing. Be careful of whatever is intrusted to thy care, manage thy master's or mistress's property, with as much attention as if it were thy own; take care not to be negligent in the performance of thy duty, but do thy work diligently; for though the eye of thy mistress be not over thee, the eye of God is upon thee. Take care that every action of thy life be done honestly, and fairly; for they must all be accounted for at the day of judgment: no poor person need therefore envy a wicked rich man for his wealth, since he must be accountable to God for the means by which he obtained it, and the manner in which he has spent it.

“ There is a great deal of sin and wickedness in the world, Betty, beyond what I could ever have imagined, if I had not sometimes read Crutwell's Bath Journal. Take heed therefore to all your ways now you are venturing into the world, or Ruin will soon come upon you, and put not your trust in your own strength, instead of looking up for safety to God, but be constant in prayer to him morning and evening. When you are in



health praise the Lord for his mercies —when you are in sickness and sorrow humbly pray for his assistance under every affliction, and he will lend it you in his own good time, since he can by his power in an instant turn your mourning into joy.”

Here Mrs. Adams finished her truly motherly exhortation. All Betty's brothers and sisters, with tears streaming from their eyes, tenderly kissed her, and bade her farewell; her fond mother for a long time held her to her bosom before she could speak, at last she said, “ My child, my dear child, remember what I have been saying to you ; when you get amongst irreligious people, then will be your hour of trial, and remember there is no way of escaping evil, but by cleaving unto that which is good ; if you lead a regular sober and religious life, you must expect to be jeered and laughed at; but it is safer to win God's favour, than the world's love. —Once more, my Betty, take my blessing, and let me warn thee for the last time, that the only way to avoid sorrow, is to flee from sin.”

Betty most dutifully thanked her mo-

er, and casting a mournful look on all  
ound, took up her bundle, and walked  
to the great house.

The rest of Mrs. Adams's children  
ere soon after comfortably settled in life,  
d grew every day richer and happier;  
ey were industrious without being co-  
tious, for the good things of this world  
ver made them lose sight of those bet-  
things they looked forward to possess  
the world to come.

For some time after she got to London,  
etty Adams continued to write to her  
other; at length many a long month  
lled but no tale or tidings could they  
t of her, till at last they began to con-  
ude she was dead.

It must be mentioned here why Betty  
d not write as usual; she went on very  
ll for some time, but as the largest for-  
e is insufficient to supply the wants  
extravagant people, it so fell out at  
dy Townley's, where all was Riot and  
asse, from the parlour down to the  
chen, that my Lady, and her children,  
o were all grown up, to avoid a prison,  
re obliged to retire to foreign parts,  
ere many English folks go, the more

is the pity, when they have spent more than they can pay. The servants were all turned off at a minute's warning with most of their wages unsatisfied.

Betty Adams was too proud to write to her mother the history of the disgrace which had befallen the family; but, to say the truth, the butler had also decoyed her away, under a promise of marriage, which he never fulfilled, and having first deluded her, he then left her to starve.

One night, in the middle of January it was one of the coldest that ever was known, the wind blowing quite a hurricane, the snow falling in sheets, and being now so drifted, that it was four or five feet deep in many places,—on that night the young Farmer Adams was making his way, as well as he could, to the barn, to see if some young lambs had been properly taken care of. As he was going to open the barn door, his foot struck against something which he thought was a block of wood, but stooping down to remove it, what was his surprise to perceive it was a woman with a young child in her arms.—“Speak if you are alive



cried the farmer, "and tell me who and what you are."

"A poor miserable wretch," replied the Woman, in a dying voice—"exposed to shame—sunk in sin—and perishing with cold and hunger."

"Then lend me your arm," said the Farmer, "and I'll help you in to my mother; you will make her happy, for she loves to help those who cannot help themselves."

Here the poor creature gave a deep groan, but spoke not; the Farmer thought she was dead, and ran with all speed into the house to get assistance. He desired the man servant, who was sitting by the kitchen fire, learning to read, his work for the night being done, to get a candle and follow him to the barn: his mother hearing for what cause, said, she would follow them, when her son kindly advised her to stay within as she had so bad a cold.

"I would not go out in such a night as this, George," replied she, "to a merry-making, or a puppet-show, but no weather is too bad for a person in tolera-

ble health to go out in, if it is to assist a fellow creature in distress."

The whole family then sallied forth together: when they reached the poor woman, they thought the hand of death had closed her eyes for ever; she was the very image of horror, withered and shrunk by famine; her helpless infant lay half naked and stretched out on her lap, and one of it's little hands, for want of a cloak to cover it, was frozen to the snow under which it lay buried; at this sad sight every female present burst into tears, when one of the servants took the child out of it's mother's arms, and ran with it, wrapped up in her apron, into the house, whilst the men followed with it's mother. They gave her a cup of warm wine, for Mrs. Adams always kept a bottle in the house for sickness though she would have thought it very extravagant to have made use of a glass in time of health.

At length the poor creature opened her eyes, and looking mournfully around, in a piteous voice cried out—my dear mother!—O my dear brother and sisters!—why did you bring such

wretch as I am into a house where  
 ne but christians live. I believe I have  
 t my poor baby in the snow—My me-  
 ry is quite gone—My heart scarcely  
 ts, so heavily does the weight of my  
 lt lie upon it—My dear mother, do  
 t you know your own child, your pe-  
 ent child Betty Adams?"

The house now rung with the most  
 iable lamentations; "My Betty! my  
 ld!" said Mrs. Adams. As soon as  
 ef would let her speak, she tenderly  
 ed her, and said, "God only has a  
 ht to judge thee for thy faults, and if  
 u art truly penitent for them, thou  
 a thousand times more welcome to  
 heart, than if I had found thee sur-  
 nded by all the grandeur of this world,  
 d living in a course of sinful pleasure;  
 the sufferings of this life are but short,  
 en compared with the happiness of  
 rernity."

Though every care was taken of the  
 r little baby, it's limbs were already  
 ished with the frost; it fell into a con-  
 sion fit, and died on the maid's lap.  
 ty Adams, was light headed for the  
 ater part of the night; towards the



morning she dosed a little ; she was somewhat refreshed when she awoke, but was again nearly overcome, when she saw all her family sitting crying round her bed ; then seeing her dear mother, who raised her a little, she spoke as follows ;

“ My honoured mother, and you, my kind brothers and sisters, weep not for me ; I have only myself to blame for the miseries which have befallen me ; I have sinned against warning, and must shortly appear before God to answer for it. Soon after I left you, my good mother, I began to neglect my duty towards God, and that soon led me on to be neglectful of my duty towards my master and mistress ; the hours when my work was done, which I should have spent in reading my Bible as I used to do, I spent in making smart hats and caps, for all the servants made it quite a pastime to laugh me out of my religion ; so by degrees I grew bolder and bolder ; our butler at length betrayed me to my ruin, and then led me in sickness and poverty, to bewail my unhappy fate.

“ I was then turned out of doors at

moment's warning, and as I had no one  
 give me a character, I could not expect  
 place without one; so I was forced to  
 live in one of those dark cellars in Lon-  
 don, which are full of beggars and  
 thieves, where my poor baby was born:  
 I soon pawned all my clothes, but that  
 could not maintain us long, and as I had  
 a constant fever and a cough, thinking I  
 should not live a great while to be a  
 charge to my mother, I determined, as  
 soon as I could crawl, to beg my way  
 home. I left London, and the first door  
 I knocked at to ask for a bit of bread I  
 thought of my dear mother, and I fainted  
 away; the people of the house were  
 kind, relieved my wants, and gave six-  
 pence to help me on. I have been three  
 weeks travelling hither, sometimes ta-  
 king up my night's lodging under a hay-  
 stack, and in the towns I got a penny  
 lodging amongst beggars. I came to our  
 little hatch this evening just as the night  
 set in, but my heart failed me, and I had  
 not courage to lift up the latch, so, with  
 my legs trembling under me, I staggered  
 off, as well as I could, to the barn, where  
 I fell down fainting with cold and hun-

ger : not being able to stir a step farther I hoped I should die soon, for I was certain I should break my poor mother's heart, when she found me asking charity at her door : but I feel it is all over with me : your blessing and forgiveness are all I have now to ask of you ; and I do not despair of it, for I know that real christians, and real christians only, can forgive such offences as I have committed."

"Thou hast my pardon, my poor child," cried Mrs. Adams, "and I trust if thy spirit be truly humbled for the crime, thou wilt, for Christ's sake, meet the forgiveness of God also. Take comfort in the Scripture Promise, *That there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*"

Hearing these comfortable words the poor girl lifted up her hands and eyes, her quivering lips tried to speak but in vain, a ghastly hue overspread her features, her limbs shivered, her jaws fell and, with a deep groan, she expired.

At Mrs. Adams's request, the following Sunday the curate preached an excellent sermon, to advise all young people to take warning by poor Betty A



ms, and to learn to be content and  
 ppy in that station of life in which  
 providence has placed them. The Ser-  
 mon was so very moving, there was not  
 a dry eye in the church.

Mrs. Adams's children and all her  
 grandchildren also returned to her house  
 when the funeral was over, and as soon  
 as they were all met, she spoke to them  
 in the following manner :

"My dear children," said she, "It  
 please the Almighty to take me from  
 you as suddenly as he has done your  
 mother or sister : to God I must be accounta-  
 ble for all the things I have done in  
 this life. As I shall have no great riches  
 to leave amongst you, I wish to give you  
 a LEGACY before I die"—so saying, she  
 gave every one of them a HANDSOME  
 NEW BIBLE, "this is the richest trea-  
 sure you can possess in this world, and  
 rightly used, will procure you a trea-  
 sure in the world to come. Without dai-  
 ly studying this book, and making it's  
 precepts the constant rule of your lives,  
 you will live to a woeful purpose. The  
 HOLY BIBLE, my children, is the only  
 thing that can give you support under

every affliction ; it is our comfort in life, our hope in death, and our source of happiness to all eternity."


"But it is not enough, my dear children, that you are constantly hearing God's word, you must be constantly doing God's work. Be very careful to avoid evil company and evil words ; these are the great snares which lead you into temptation ; remember, that every sin you commit, however it may escape your memory, will be noted in the book of Heaven, and produced at the great day of account ; then you will be convinced, my children, how safe it was for you to have loved godliness more than greatness—Never forget, that a contented mind is a continual feast ; now, as God's love is great towards us, let our thankfulness be equally great towards him—Never be ambitious to possess what is out of your reach : it is safer striving to win a Heavenly Crown by prayer than earthly riches by fraud. How often, my good children, have I seen you rejoice when you have escaped any dangerous distemper in the parish, how much more ought you to rejoice, when

have escaped any dangerous sin.—A-  
 ve all things, be careful that pride never  
 enters your heart ; because you will find  
 your death bed, as much satisfaction  
 having been low born as high born ;  
 the grand question will then be, in the  
 midst of your prosperity did you possess  
 a humble praying heart ? Those only  
 who have lived righteously can die joy-  
 fully ; for he who sinks in darkness can  
 never rise in light.—All our sorrows in  
 life, my children, are but the punish-  
 ments of sin : it is a sad thing to live sin-  
 ning, but it is a glorious one to die re-  
 sisting. Above all things remember,  
 that every blessing you receive is an in-  
 stance of God's mercy towards you.—  
 And, O ! remember daily what a dread-  
 ful thing it is to die in a christian coun-  
 try, and yet be ignorant of the doctrines  
 of Christ, who shed his blood upon the  
 crosses for you.—All that I shall further  
 advise you is, to let your morning song  
 begin with prayer, and your evening one  
 close with thanksgiving, that under eve-  
 ry affliction in life you may be able to  
 say, **THY WILL NOT MINE BE DONE,**  
**MY LORD !**



Here Mrs. Adams ended her little sermon, as one may call it. Her family heard it with tears, and treasured it in their minds. After an affectionate parting they each returned home, blessing God for sending them so good MOTHER.



 Next week will be published Onesimus, or the Run-away Servant converted.